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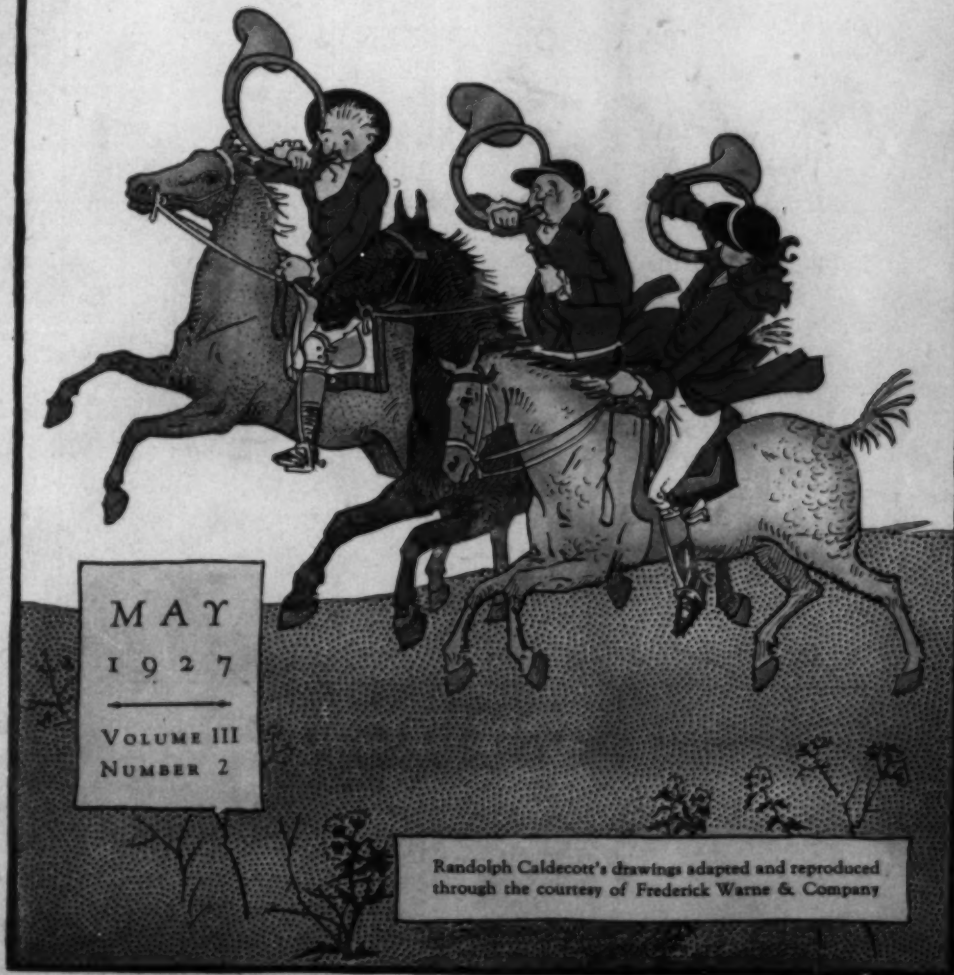

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NUMBER 2

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume III MAY, 1927 *Number 2*

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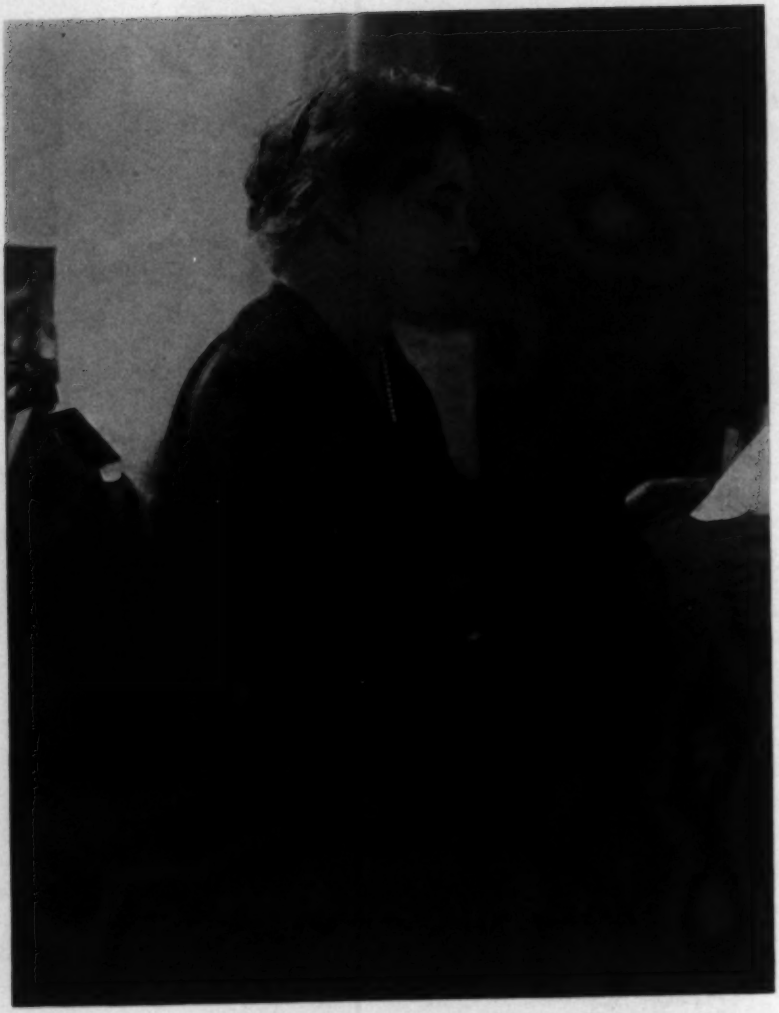
SUMMER HEART

I'll wear a cloak of sunshine,
    A hat of summer sky,
And not a child in all the world
    Shall be so gay as I!

A scarf of scented breezes,
    Green grass upon my feet,
I'll dance and sing like anything,—
    The world is all so sweet.

I'll fill my heart with sunshine,
    I'll fill my pockets, too,
So it will last me all the year;
    And I'll give some to you!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.



WHITE, BOSTON

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE HORN BOOK

Volume III MAY, 1927 *Number 2*

ELLA YOUNG

How She Came to Know the Fairies

By Jane Verne Terrill

WHERE but in Ireland could a woman graduate from her University with honors in political economy, history and jurisprudence and yet keep in lively touch with the fairies? Ella Young has done this and we think of her achievement as peculiarly Irish; yet forty years ago this was not so. Forty years ago even in Ireland, except in the remotest places, the voices of the little folk in the grasses were still and the sea-beat on the cliffs of County Kerry was like the roar of the sea anywhere, for the fairy water chariots were gone.

All this happened because education had come to Ireland; not that education isn't a fine thing for most purposes, but it isn't always wise in the matter of the fairies or of the splendid old legends which have grown up without the help of book-learning. Little Irish children learned many modern things, but they forgot the Celtic language which their ancestors had guarded jealously in the face of foreign invasion. Not one of them would admit that he knew a ghost or had seen a *pookah* at his tricks. When their mothers and fathers repeated stories that were like an Irish Iliad, handed down from story-teller to story-teller, word for word for perhaps a thousand years, the children would laugh and call it superstition. So the remnant of ancient Celtic culture lay only with an ageing people, neglected by the young. And it was well on the way to die.

Such was the state of affairs when Ella Young was born. Perhaps things might have happened differently had Miss Young not been born a hero-worshipper. Brave deeds and gallant heroes were for her the flower of life. But in County Antrim where she grew up her teachers knew nothing of such things, or of such happenings in Ireland. Not a word could they tell her of the

Gubbaun Saor and his Son, or of Dagda Mor the World Maker, or of the little Sun God Lugh. And the little girl, reading of William Tell, William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, felt a shame for Ireland which had produced no heroes.

What, then, would such a girl do when she grew up but search for the forgotten heroes of her country's past?

ELLA YOUNG

One should never go to cities to learn about heroes and legends. In cities the bravest deeds are soon forgotten. It is in the country, about the firesides of the long evenings, that legends are cherished. Ella Young was wise in this: she went to the out-reaches of Ireland. She learned to speak Celtic; she lived in the little thatched huts on the hillsides; she sailed in archaic Irish fishing rigs and listened to the yarns of the

fishermen; she drove through the isolated country behind primitive ox teams. She made the life of the Irish peasant her own, and her reward is that she has caught the secret of the peasant spirit.

Around the peat fires of Irish huts they told her stories of pookahs, the mischievous elves who play tricks on people, of the lake horses ridden by fairy horsemen, of fairies playing at favorites and dropping pennies in the path of such as please them. Sometimes the story-teller of the clan would be there, and that would be an occasion worth recording, for he would recite in rhyme — often for so long as three evenings without break — a saga of Ireland in uncorrupted Celtic as ancient as the English of Beowulf!

So Miss Young collected her treasure of legend, and from it pieced the complete cycles. "The Wonder-Smith and His Son," which has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., is the result of twenty years of such research.

Perhaps the strangest thing — to us — about it all is this: none of the stories of supernatural heroes, of fairies and the forces that are abroad at night, are foreign to Miss Young's own experience. She herself has heard the ring of the fairy bells in the ocean; she has seen the pookahs at their mischief; she has herself been enchanted on a fairy hill. Even here in America she has heard orchestral music in the grasses of Connecticut, — music of instruments such as we all know, and of some which have never been heard by those who cannot hear the fairies. And so she knows that the things of which she writes are as true as anything is true in a doubtful world.

But soon in Ireland — even as in America — there will be no one to hear such things. The priceless sagas will die because none will stop to listen. Another fifty years and the Celtic strongholds will have disappeared. Fortunately, a few — William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, Dr. Douglas Hyde, James Stephens, Ella Young — have set themselves the task of recording, before it is too late, a dying world of genii, pookahs and of magic.

A DRAUGHT FROM THE SACRED WELL

By Elinor Whitney

"THE Wonder-Smith and His Son," retold by Ella Young and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, is a book which ordinary words, even though capitalized and underlined, cannot describe. Here we have for the first time a complete story of the Gubbaun Saor, the Wonder-Smith, from the time he got his trade until he passed into the country of the Ever Young, while his son played music from the Fairy Hills, and outside his house there was a sound of multitudinous weeping. One who attempts to write of it must be forgiven for using direct phrases from it, for they echo through one's mind and it is impossible to disregard them, or forget them.

Like all great heroes of legend, the Gubbaun Saor had first to be chosen, and the Three Master-Craftsmen, disappearing in the shape of three black crows, dropped the bag of tools within his hand-reach as he was sleeping in the great spreading desert of stone. The Gubbaun knew the tools had come to the man who could handle them, but this he had to prove, and he did so when he came to the place where a great chief's dune was building. While the workers rested by the stream, the Gubbaun worked with a will and carved the King-Cat of Keshcorran on the lintel. "Bristling with fierceness it spread; it slid along on either side, with insinuating grace and with infinite cunning, losing itself at the last in loops, and twists, and foliations and intricacies . . ." and "the first that caught sight of it cried out and the cry ran from man to man. There was hand-clapping and amazement." The Gubbaun had proved himself!

Then the Gubbaun Saor, for all that he had robbed the crows of their cleverness and taught tricks to the foxes and had the wisdom of running water and growing grass, still the Gubbaun Saor traded his daughter Aunya, who had his cleverness, for a boy who "would do nothing but sit in the sunshine and play little tunes on a flute he had made," and this the Gubbaun did because it was a son he wanted.

"'Clever as I am,' said the Gubbaun, 'the woman that got my daughter got the better of me. . . .'

"He beat his hands together and lamented: but the son in a pool of sunshine played a faery reel, and two blackbirds danced to it."

The Gubbaun tried his hand at match making, for he decided that what his son needed was a clever woman for a wife, but though he thought to choose her for him and many a girl came, there was not one of them wise enough to please him.

"'It would be well for you to be raising a hand on your own behalf, now,' said the Gubbaun Saor to his Son; 'you can draw the birds from the bushes with one note of your flute: maybe you can draw luck with a woman. If you have the luck to get the daughter I gave in exchange for yourself, our good days will begin.'

"The Son of the Gubbaun got to his feet.

"'I could travel the world,' he said, 'with my reed-flute and the Hound that came to me out of the Wood of Gold and Silver Yew Trees.' With that he gave a low call, and a milk-white Hound came running to the door."

Then comes the home-coming of Aunya, for it was she who had the wit to give the Son of the Gubbaun Saor the price of the sheep skin and the skin itself, which was the test of wisdom the Gubbaun had set, and the Gubbaun piled up a fire of welcome.

"Beneath it he put nine sacred stones taken from the cavern of the Dragons of the Winds. He laid hazelwood on the pile for wisdom; and oak for enduring prosperity; and black-thorn boughs to win favour of the stars. Quicken wood he had; and ancient yew; and silver-branched holly. Ash he had, too, on the pile; and thorns; and wood of the apple-tree. These things of worth he had on the pile. With incantations and ceremonies he built it, and with rites such as Druids use in the hill-fires that welcome the Spring and the coming of the Gods of Dana."

And so the story goes on and even like the wonderful dune Balor of the Mighty Blows, King of the Fomor, ordered the Gubbaun to build for him, "a dune with courts and passages and secret chambers; with carvings on the walls of it and carved monsters in the crevices of it"—so the story itself is constructed with stunningly-conceived phrases and magically-chosen

words till it grows up around you with sound and color, now with fearful clangor and tongues of flame, and now with unearthly sweetness and the blueness of the sea.

Thanks to the skill of Ella Young, the author, and Boris Artzybasheff, the illustrator, the story of the Gubbaun Saor lives

A dune with courts and passages and secret chambers

again and will be like the dance at his own great Feast, "the memory of which was honey in the mind of poets for a thousand years; for a thousand years it was riotous heady mead, it was wine in the veins of warriors — and to this hour it is laughter in the heart of the hills."

He set out then with the hound to travel the solitary places and marts of the world

POETRY FOR CHILDHOOD

By Lucy Madeira Wing

WHENEVER I think of poetry for the young, a picture, most lovely, comes to my mind. A little chubby boy of three is standing on the library table where his Mother and Father have placed him, and in the sober and serious manner so natural to childhood, he recites with a delightful lisp — "The stag at eve had drunk his fill." The splendid lilt of the poem goes on and on; his young voice brings us images forever refreshing. He and Sir Walter are one in their wide-eyed, direct simplicity. Sitting in the library of a house in a large city, we see the stag, Monan's rill, the heather-covered hills of Scotland, the beautiful lakes. The little boy has impressions that cannot be erased. Fortunate little boy! When he was just one year old, his Father would take him on his lap and read to him poetry, especially poetry that had a pronounced rhythmic beat. The constant rhythm fascinated the little fellow, and he would sit almost hypnotized by the words of which he knew not the meaning. He later became enchanted with the old nursery rhymes and the poetry of childhood, but nothing ever was so alluring as the more solemn, dignified movement of the more mature poetry, and at three he could recite, without pausing, eight and ten pages of Scott. The age-old rhythm of language was in his blood and was stirred into reality early in his life just as it had been early in the life of his remote ancestors when they listened to the poets who themselves could not read but could chant the poetic lines to listening ears.

All children love poetry if it is presented to them in this way. If the rhythmic beat lying in the very corpuscles of their blood is stirred into consciousness by the proper early stimulus, then the "Countries of the Mind" are forever opened — no brass gates, or iron bars can close them.

"Poetry makes amends. To write it is the grave life-work of the noblest man; to read it is the ideal consolation of a boy and girl, and of every age, every weakness." But these treasures of the ages should be opened to children long before they can read, and the age cannot be too early, for the earliest impressions of childhood are the strongest.

More important than hearing poetry read, or than reading it oneself, is learning it by heart. In two of his delightful *Reports on Elementary Schools,* Matthew Arnold speaks of the intellectual value of memorizing, of how it forms the mind, shapes its images and helps keep out thoughts that are intruders. Poetry memorized does this more than prose because of its musical quality which allures the mind of the child. "Good poetry is formative; it has, too, the precious power of acting by itself and in a way managed by nature. I believe that even the rhythm and diction of good poetry are capable of exercising some formative effect, even though the sense be imperfectly understood. But of course the good of poetry is not really got unless the sense of the words is known, and more and more I find it learnt and known."

Again he says, "The acquisition of good poetry is a discipline which works deeper than any other discipline in the range of work of our schools. More than any other, too, it works of itself, is independent of the school teacher and cannot be spoiled by pedantry and injudiciousness on his part. Some

THIS SINGING WORLD
FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN
Modern Poems selected by
Louis Untermeyer
Harcourt $3.50

YET GENTLE WILL THE GRIFFIN BE

(What Grandpa Told the Children)

The Moon? It is a griffin's egg,
Hatching tomorrow night.
And how the little boys will watch
With shouting and delight
To see him break the shell and stretch
And creep across the sky.
The boys will laugh. The little girls,
I fear, may hide and cry.
Yet gentle will the griffin be,
Most decorous and fat,
And walk up to the milky way . . . .
And lap it like a cat.

Vachel Lindsay.

people regard this, my high estimate of the value of poetry in education, with suspicion and displeasure. Perhaps they may accept the testimony of Wordsworth with less suspicion than mine. Wordsworth says, 'To be incapable of a feeling of poetry in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.' And it is only through acquaintance with poetry, and with good poetry, that this 'feeling for poetry' can be given. Good poetry does undoubtedly tend to form the soul and character; it tends to beget a love of beauty and of truth in alliance together; it suggests, however indirectly, high and noble principles of action, and it inspires the emotion so helpful in making the principle operative. Hence its extreme importance to all of us; but in our elementary schools, its importance seems to me to be quite extraordinary."

Children should have not only the nursery rhymes, the gay, concrete bursts of description which they naturally enjoy, but they should also have the more sober, serious poetry of the purely objective type, which unconsciously moulds their thought.

It is granted today, as a most important fact, that the element of wonder is the chief element to be kept alive in a child's mind. "Much have I traveled in the realms of gold." The realms begin with the baby mind. They must be enlarged and extended. They must be cultivated and kept fresh. It is agreed today that there is a realm of childhood, and all over the world parents, teachers, writers are trying to find out what this realm is. All agree that it is a "realm of gold" and that the pass-key is the element of wonder. Not all are yet agreed that the world of childhood is a serious world, but the wisest parents and teachers are slowly coming to find this out. Miss Repplier calls our attention to this important fact in one of her incomparable essays on childhood. Childhood, she says, is not to be treated lightly, jocosely, playfully, but seriously, gravely.

The child wishes simple, serious, direct, concrete images. He experiences great delight when he makes a discovery about the world in which he lives. Sometimes he likes to have these experiences centre about himself, but if he does wish this, he does not care to play a philosophical part in which he himself is described. If he is a normal child, he likes best those experiences completely outside himself. But children like to explore the

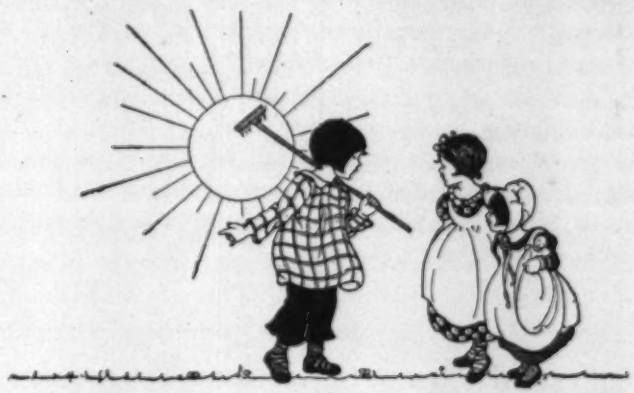
SILVER PENNIES. A Collection of Modern Poems for Boys and Girls, by Blanche Jennings Thompson. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. *Macmillan* $1.00

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may);
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

Robert Frost.



great world of wonder before them and do not naturally turn upon themselves for their interests. "The stag at eve had drunk his fill" is the purely narrative poetry which the child understands.

There is nothing, too, better than the ballad for childhood. "Sir Patrick Spens" is adored by all healthy-minded children. They can visualize with direct swiftness the command to bring home the maid of Noroway, the grave fear of the wild winter sea, the days in Noroway and so on. The amount left unsaid is greater than that which is said. It sinks in deeply by its very power. Children understand sorrow when it comes as the natural conclusion of a story, and they understand death also. "Sir Patrick Spens" is an excellent example of these two points. And this is the most natural and normal way for children to learn that there is sorrow and death in life. The great normal experiences should come to them in this way without comment. "Poetry," says Lord Grey, "is the greatest literature, and pleasure in poetry is the greatest of literary pleasures. It is also the least easy to attain and there are some people who never do attain it. There is much

poetry for which most of us do not care, but with a little trouble when we are young, we may find one or two poets whose poetry, if we get to know it well, will mean very much to us and become part of ourselves. Poetry does not become intimate to us through the intellect alone. It is when we are young that we must find out the great poets who have really written specially for us. The love for such poetry which comes to us when we are young will not disappear as we get older; it will remain in us, becoming an intimate part of our own being, and will be an assured source of strength, consolation, and delight."

Into such beauty, a little child may be unconsciously led by the discriminating guidance of his parents. Through a life — long or short — he shall then have traveled much in the realms of gold. In all the great experiences of life and of death he will never be stranded, he will never be alone, but will find "strength, consolation, and delight."

THE LISTENING CHILD. A Selection from the Store of English Verse made for the Youngest Readers and Hearers, by Lucy W. Thacher. A New Section of Modern Verse chosen by Marguerite Wilkinson. Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. *Macmillan* $1.75

THE BUGLE SONG

From THE PRINCESS

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

ON March 6, 1927, Abbie Farwell Brown died at her home on Beacon Hill where she was born and had lived all the years of her radiant, lovely life.

She was a friend of The Bookshop and her visits were always happy occasions which left an after gleam of joy in their wake. We want to bear our garland to her memory at this time but for us she will remain vividly alive as she was and still is in her books. Her books will go on being read by boys and girls all over this country week in, week out, and her "Heart of New England" and "The Silver Stair" (1926) will continue to enrich the poetry of New England.

It was twenty-seven years ago that Miss Brown's first book — "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" — was published. It is such a fine book to read aloud to the family! In 1902 followed "In the Days of Giants," as delightful a telling of the Northern myths and sagas as we have today for younger boys and girls. These two books immediately placed her with that goodly small and distinguished group of Americans who then had written some fine books for boys and girls which are still being read today:— Horace Scudder, Eliza Orne White, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mary P. Wells Smith, Laura E. Richards, Frances Baylor, Louise Alcott.

From then on Miss Brown added year by year gay books of verse—"Pocketful of Posies," "Fresh Posies," "Sing a Song of Sixpence"—and fine stories for boys and girls, "Brothers and Sisters," "Friends and Cousins," "The Christmas Angel," "Their City Christmas," "John of the Woods," and many others.

We print below a poem of Miss Brown's from "The Silver Stair" which a friend at her memorial service said truly expressed the spirit of her own personality. It is the finest architecture for any life.

B. E. M.

THE HOUSE

I'm building me a wonder-house
  Apart from busy ways;
And there I mean to shelter me
  In gladness all my days.

The fabric is the love-of-friends,
  Cemented strong and stout,
With four-square walls of loyalty
  To keep unkindness out.

The porch is broad, the threshold wide,
  I'll have no bolt nor bar;
And for a hospitable sign
  The door shall stand ajar.

The light of trust and sympathy
  In every nook will shine,
And laughter like a breeze shall blow
  Through all this house of mine.

The house will never be complete;
  But adding one by one
The soaring gables builded firm,
  I'll rear it toward the sun,

Until the turrets pierce the clouds
  And starry cressets wear;
When angels walk upon the roof,
  And God comes down the stair.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

"EXTENSIONS OF REALITY"

By Anne Eaton

IN the Book Country there are two distinct and well-defined territories. We may sojourn in a land peopled with individuals like ourselves, save that their opportunity for adventure, and their capacity for dealing with it, is greatly intensified, or we may cross the border into traditional fairyland. In its way this latter district is hardly less real and definite than the other, — with its practical kingdoms (ruled over by the King With Three Sons, the Queen With Two Daughters and a Step-Daughter, the King Who Has (unwisely) Married a Second Time), its forests (where the Huntsman relents), its glass mountains and magic lakes.

There is a third region not to be definitely located in the real world or in fairyland. In fact, it cannot be said to be in either, for it lies in both at once and the discoverer is never quite sure whether for him everyday is in fairyland or fairyland in everyday.

It is not accessible to every one, but for the child reader who is ready for the journey there are alluring guides. Here, for example, is a typical starting point. "As she stood a moment in the passage she saw a narrow door in the wall under the eaves, which she had never noticed before. She went to it, opened it and almost before she had time to think found herself entering a long, rather dark hall, at the end of which was another door partly open. 'There, now!' said Janet to herself, 'I knew there was another house inside our house and I am sure there are people, too, for this hall is carpeted.' "*

If you read that and it does not set you wondering whether there is not another house within *your* house, or if you have never contemplated a looking glass with a half hope that for you, as for Alice, it might be "turning into a sort of mist," this land of betwixt and between is not your land and you had best confine yourself to tales of everyday folk, pirates and Indians and historical romances, and to the country of Snow White and Rumpelstiltskin.

It is not strange that many children, yes, and adults as well, care for these books that *join on* to real life and yet offer magical

*"The Kanter Girls," by M. A. L. Branch.

and mysterious spaces lying close at hand but hidden from view. There is more of a thrill in dwelling on the possibility of something unreal underneath the real, than in reading the conventional fairy tale. James Elroy Flecker knew this region and its relation to the real world and has named it in his "King of Alsander," when the old Poet says to John Gaffekin, "Be calm, my friend, all is well; you are not used to the extensions of Reality, that is all."

It is easy to see why "The Princess and the Goblin," "The Princess and Curdie," and "The Light Princess" are favorites. It is only in dreams and in the lovely stories of George Macdonald that we follow winding passages, and climb stone stairways to come upon fairy grandmothers, age-old beauty and wisdom in their eyes, who give us comfort and good counsel. In his "At the Back of the North Wind" there is less of the fairy element but an even stronger sense of spiritual meanings.

These glimpses of a life inside, or outside, our actual life are not always serious. Lewis Carroll's Alice "extended reality" with all of her creator's irresistible humor. Among her descendants who inherit something of the same joyous ability to play with words and ideas are "Davy" in "Davy and the Goblin" (Charles Carryl), "David the Dreamer" (Bergengren), "David" in "David Blaize and the Blue Door" (Benson). (It would seem as though all Davids had the freedom of this country.) Amos and Ann in "Zodiac Town" (Nancy Byrd Turner) and the four children in "The Enchanted Mountain" (Eliza Orne White) are other jocund travelers there.

Years ago "Jemima" found herself "behind the white brick" in Mrs. Burnett's story by that name. By means of a cuckoo

clock and an old tapestry, Mrs. Molesworth's "Griselda" and "Jeanne" and "Hugh" pass easily from the real to an unreality, which, like the Lewis Carroll country, conforms neatly and logically to rules of its own.

This is easier for most children to grasp than a blending of real and unreal, unexplained and taken as a matter of course by the author, as, for instance, in Walter de la Mare's "Crossings." Perhaps the severest test of a genuine liking for this type of story is Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno" (in its original form). Here, as in a dream, unreal fades into real between the beginning and end of a sentence. "'But where is the Professor? Did he come with you to Fairyland?' 'No,' said Sylvie, 'but he promised he'd come and see us some day. He's getting his lecture ready. So he has to stay at home.' 'At home?', I said dreamily, not feeling quite sure what she had said. 'Yes Sir, His Lordship and Lady Muriel' (real life characters in the book) 'are at home. Please to walk this way.'"*

Puzzling to most children but infinitely fascinating to some few.

Grave and spiritual in George Macdonald, humorous and logically fantastic in Lewis Carroll, comfortable and homelike in Mrs. Molesworth, poetic in Tarn's "Treasure of the Isle of Mist," joyous and simple in Mrs. Branch's "Kanter Girls," all these "extensions of reality" lie in the sunlight or at least, in the case of George Macdonald, in a clear white moonlight, but another author reaches out into shadowy regions, wistful and mysterious, perhaps even a little terrifying. Walter de la Mare passes so easily from real to unreal

*"Sylvie and Bruno." Macmillan, 1890, p. 233.

that it would perhaps be better to say that he lives in both places at once. In "Crossings; a Fairy Play," in "Peacock Pie," in "Down-a-Down-Derry," the children may go with him; in "Broomsticks and Other Tales," in the "Memoirs of a Midget," he is a guide for adults.

This reminds us that "extensions of reality" are not confined to books written for children. Such a vigorous lover of a world of men as Kipling slips easily and sensitively across the boundary line in "The Brushwood Boy" and "They." William Morris has given us a fascinating combination of mediævalism and magic in "The Well at the World's End" and "The Wood Beyond the World." Alfred Noyes in "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Forest of Wild Thyme" has made "an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of childhood back into the regions of those dreams which are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams or those fantastic jests — if any care to call them so — for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten."*

In Flecker's "King of Alsander," that "tale such as only a poet can write for you," young Norman Price walked out of his father's grocer's shop and out of England into "the white city of Alsander, with her legendary towers and red roofs all dreaming in the sunlight. In such deep slumber lay that perfect city, the boy held the very sight of it to be a dream. For there surely dwelt the good King and the bad King, the younger son and the three princesses, the dwarf, the giant and the gnome. Surely in those blue mountains lurked and lolled the devastating dragon who came down for his yearly toll of maiden flesh; surely in that blue sea swam all the shoal of nereids and dolphinous fishy beings whose song is dangerous to men. Thus appeared the city of Alsander to Norman as he gazed at it over the wall in silence."

Branch, M. A. L.
THE KANTER GIRLS *Adelphi*

Carroll, Lewis
ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS *Macmillan*

* Introduction to "The Flower of Old Japan." Macmillan, 1907.

Macdonald, George
- The Princess and the Goblin — *Macmillan*
- The Princess and Curdie — *Lippincott*
- The Light Princess and Other Fairy Tales — *Putnam*
- At the Back of the North Wind — *Macmillan*

Carryl, Charles
- Davy and the Goblin — *Houghton*
- The Admiral's Caravan — *Houghton*

Bergengren, R. W.
- David the Dreamer — *Atlantic Monthly*

Benson, E. F.
- David Blaize and the Blue Door — *Doran*

Turner, Nancy Byrd
- Zodiac Town — *Atlantic Monthly*

White, Eliza Orne
- The Enchanted Mountain — *Houghton*

Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson
- Behind the White Brick (in Sara Crewe, Little St. Elizabeth and Other Stories) — *Scribner*

Molesworth, Mrs.
- The Cuckoo Clock — *Macmillan*
- The Tapestried Room — *Macmillan*

de la Mare, Walter
- Crossings; a Fairy Play — *Knopf*
- Peacock Pie; a Book of Rhymes — *Holt*
- Down-a-Down-Derry — *Holt*

Carroll, Lewis
- Sylvie and Bruno — *Macmillan*

Tarn, W. W.
- The Treasure of the Isle of Mist — *Putnam*

Macdonald, Greville
- Billy Barnicoat; a Fairy Romance for Young and Old — *Dutton*

Kipling, Rudyard
THE BRUSHWOOD BOY (IN THE DAY'S WORK) *Doubleday*
THEY (IN TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES) *Doubleday*

James, M. R.
THE FIVE JARS *Longmans*

Macdonald, George
PHANTASTES; A FAERIE ROMANCE FOR MEN AND WOMEN *McKay*

Morris, William
THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END *Longmans*
THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD *Longmans*
THE SUNDERING FLOOD *Longmans*

Noyes, Alfred
THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN AND OTHER POEMS (includes THE FOREST OF WILD THYME) *Macmillan*

Flecker, James Elroy
THE KING OF ALSANDER *Knopf*

The illustrations in this article are taken from Walter de la Mare's "Crossings." Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop and published by A. A. Knopf.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

And those of Other Days and Ways

TO any boy or girl so fortunate as to be going abroad this year, and to any boy or girl who is staying at home and having a birthday, I would give a book which was published on April 9, 1927, — "Saturday's Children," by Helen Coale Crew. It is a beautiful book, rich and mellow, and must surely have grown out of a long period of incubation following leisurely sojourning or perhaps living and working in the countries concerned.

It contains thirteen stories of brothers and sisters who must work for a living in as many old world towns. Each has a vivid plot and the true spirit of the place whether it be Florence, Rome,

She took the old road to Fiesole
From "Saturday's Children," illustrated by Margaret Freeman
(Little Brown)

Venice, Geneva or Athens. The author has managed to impart remarkably to each story the special and different atmosphere of its scene. The book is full of sunshine, of simple kindliness, and the homely every day living of people who have no time to create unhappiness for themselves. There is, nevertheless, suggestion of the sadness, disaster and tragedy of the world as it is, which any fine book must have.

Picture to yourself the group of islands in the northern end of the Adriatic Sea. In the geography they do not look particularly beautiful, but, oh, you should see the real islands themselves! Around them lies the blue sea; between them are the still lagoons, like silver mirrors; among them, like a great water lily, is Venice with her white houses, red roofs, and more towers than you could count on all your fingers twice over; and above them a sky of tender milky blue. You rub your eyes, just as Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp, and there stands Venice, rising out of the sea like a piece of lovely magic. Near to Venice lies Murano; farther off, Burano (Wouldn't you think they were twins from their names?); and a bit farther off is Torcello, with its tall campanile pointing like a finger into the sky. Centuries ago these lagoons were dotted with empty islands covered with tangled grass. And then one terrible year the people along the shores of Italy and for some distance inland, fled before a horde of savage warriors coming down from the north, over the Alps, destroying all the cities, towns, villages and farms that lay before them. Reaching the Adriatic Sea, these fleeing people crossed in their boats the two miles that we now cross by railway trains, and made new homes for themselves on these islands. And after hundreds of years Venice became the Queen of the Adriatic, Burano set the fashion for lace-making to all of Europe, and Murano became the center of the glass-making of the world.

So begins the last story in the book, "Marda's Masterpiece." Marda is an orphan and on her twelfth birthday she goes, as do so many of her friends, to the lace-making school of Burano. What her masterpiece was, you must read and find out.

Then there is the throat-tightening conversation between Tonia of Florence and her grandmother, in the story called "Tonia," when the girl

Design from Clement "Once in France."
(Doubleday)

decides to give up the school prize — an opportunity of special art training for a year — in order that her brother Mario may have it instead.

Tonia would rather act upon lively impulses. But now she was really planning, planning. At last it seemed necessary to consult with some one; Grandmother, of course. And so one warm night, after Annina and Lucia had fallen asleep, Tonia crept into Grandmother's bed.

"Grandmother!" This in a whisper almost as silent as the moonlight that lay across Grandmother's counterpane.

"Yes, Bambina." This in a whisper no bigger around than a very gentle kiss.

"My drawing is better than Mario's."

"The wonder of it, that they were not proud to have your pictures on the floor of the Duomo!"

"Grandmother, I said that my drawing is better than Mario's."

"Didn't I say yes?"

"No, Grandmother, you didn't."

"Very well then; it is."

"Would you not like me to have the art course?"

Grandmother looked back over ninety odd years before she answered. "When I was your age, Bambina, I was a wonder at the pencil. When I see you, I see myself again. But I did not have a chance."

"Grandmother, does that mean that you would like me to have it?"

"Didn't I say yes?"

"Well, say it again, Grandmother. Your yeses get so tangled up with what you're thinking!"

"Yes, little one, yes!"

"But now listen, Grandmother. Mario must have it!"

Grandmother paused for a long time. And then she said slowly, "It is better that Mario should have it."

Surely, boys and girls — and grown-ups as well — will look with fresh eyes as they travel abroad or at home after reading "Saturday's Children."

From young people living, working and playing today in the old world we go to young people of long ago when we turn to Marguerite Clement's "Once in France." The two books are alike in that both are distinguished work.

If only the publishers of "Saturday's Children" could have given the painstaking, loving care to the physical book which has been given to "Once in France"! Everything about the latter suggests interest and appreciation and skill all used for this book

Design from Clement "Once in France." (Doubleday)

to make it an attractive and harmonious whole. The cover is French blue cloth. The tops of the leaves have been painted a rose-red. The drawings which illustrate and decorate the book belong to this book alone.

Many people in America know by personal experience the brilliance and charm of its author. For years she has taught in the Lycée at Versailles, so that she knows young people as well as the history of her country. She has also written much for the leading journals of her country and has lectured throughout the United States.

She has told in her book the story of Anne of Brittany's cure of soul and of body. She has told of the courage of Countess Jeanne of Provence and her sufferings while her young husband, Raymond of Arles, was away on the Crusades. She has told of Joan of Arc's friend, Heliote of Touraine; and how Saint Genevieve saved the early Paris from Attila and the Huns. And she has retold some of the legends of Alsace and Brittany.

Don't ask me what has become of Dahut, because I am afraid the young men of Brittany are not yet freed from her charm. They hear her sing in the tempest, her glossy braids shine in every sunset, and it is her smile which, in summer, at dawn, lights up the sea. Despite their mothers' prayers, despite their wives' tears, they all want to join her, amid the merry round of the wild white waves. They all go, sooner or later, and not all of them come back. Dahut is now one with the strong, splendid sea. The people call it, sometimes, by her name.

A simple charming story of the sea has been published this spring for little children of four, five, six or indeed any age. It begins —

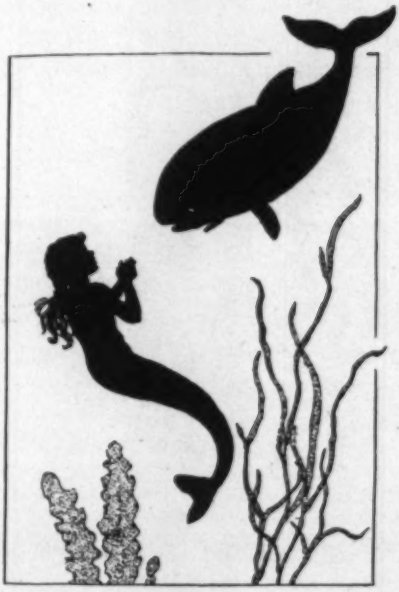
"Once upon a time there was a fisherman and his wife who lived in a little stone house by the sea. It was only a tiny house,

Designs from Clement "Once in France." (Doubleday)

but that was no matter, for it was so neat and pretty that no one could bear it to be different."

"A baby would be so troublesome," said the fisherman's wife. "How should I keep my little house neat and clean with a baby to mind?"

And down in the sea the mermaids were complaining about their merbaby, how she played with their sea-weeds and spoiled them, how lovely she was, oh yes, but what a nuisance! They found a fisherman's basket and put the merbaby inside it and what happened then, you must read "The Lost Merbaby" and see.



The two sister authors, Margaret and Mary Baker, seem to work together as happily as Mr. Milne and Mr. Shepard. Margaret writes the story and Mary makes the pictures. Perhaps it is their joy in creation which gives such joy to the reader.

I can't finish without mentioning another completely joyful book, "Everything and Anything," by Dorothy Aldis. Here is a joy one can own. Shut up in the covers of a book is a little one of four — sometimes a boy, sometimes a girl — with poems showing how they think and what they say and pictures showing how they look.

Drawings on this page by Mary Baker from "The Lost Merbaby." (Duffield)

A THOUGHT

It is very nice to know
That I am made so neatly
And that my little skin and bones
Cover me completely.

For I should blush for very shame
If when I was a-thinking
My skin and bones should come undone
And leave my mind a-blinking.

And all my wicked thoughts and feelings
Naked in the light
Oh, I'm extremely glad to feel
My fastenings are tight.

LIONS AND DRAGONS

Snap-Dragons and Dande-Lions
Are not so very wild —
I never yet saw one forget
And try to hurt a child.

A Dande-Lion never ROARS
Not even once, for fun;
Nor waves his tail with angry wail —
Because he hasn't one!

A Snap-Dragon will never snap
No matter how he feels
Except to try to catch a fly
To brighten up his meals.

B. E. M.

Verses and pictures from Aldis "Everything and Anything." (Minton, Balch)

From "Fairy Tales and Stories," by Hans Christian Andersen
Illustrated by Eric Pape

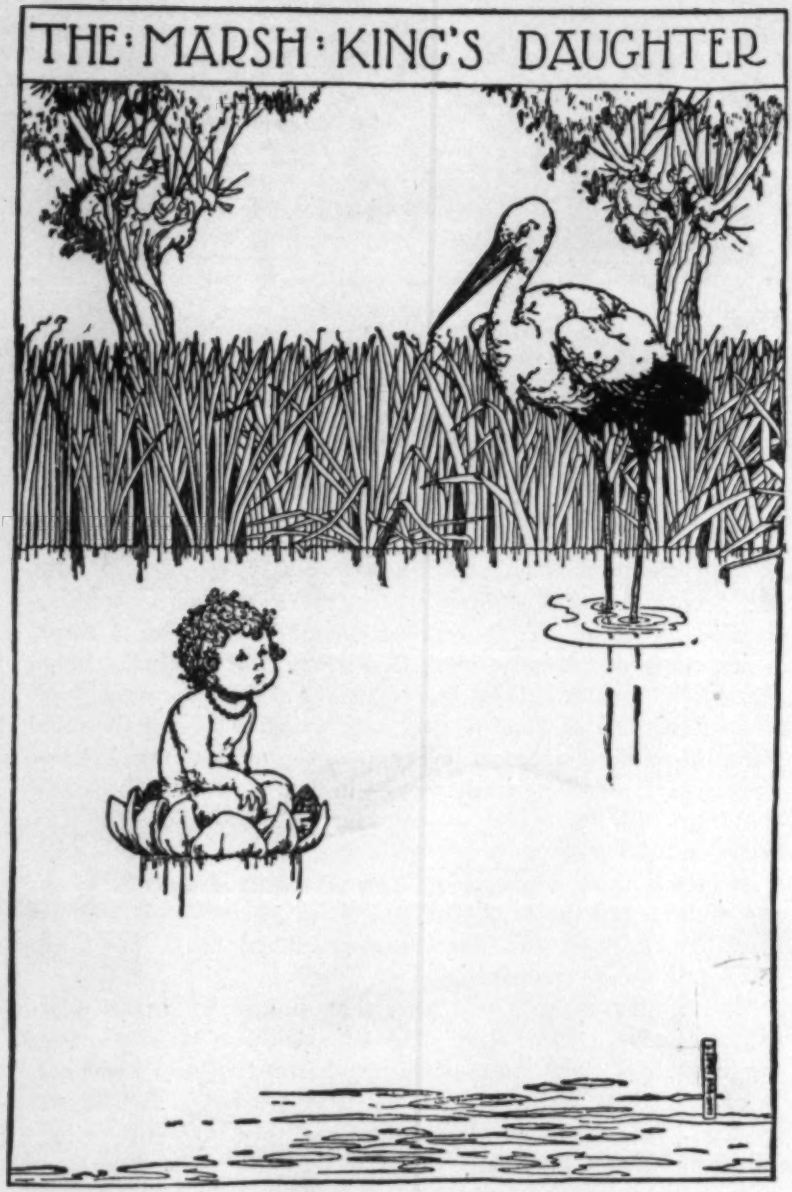
THE STORIES OF HANS ANDERSEN

By Margery Williams Bianco

IT would be interesting to know, supposing certain writers for children of an earlier time were confronted with the general mass of children's literature today, what their impression would be. Of a very considerable expansion, I think, in one sense and a quite marked restriction in another. In an age in which child culture has become a wide and earnest preoccupation there is, side by side with a desire to give the child from the earliest moment every possible opportunity of free development, a definite conspiracy — in fiction at least — to shield him from everything that we consider of an unchildish or non-happy nature. The desire is a quite natural one. The child's life must be gay, must be happy. Open all the windows to the sun, and nothing but the sun. But does it never strike us that in a room filled entirely with sunlight, even sunlight itself may in the end lose its most essential quality?

It is rather a shock to realize that, judged by this standard of imperative cheerfulness, and of what we consider fitted for a child's mind, more than one-half of Hans Andersen's priceless stories might never have passed a publisher's reader. "What?" he might say. "The Fir Tree burn up? Impossible! The little Match Girl can't die; she must be adopted by some

Editor's Note: — Readers of The Horn Book are reminded that the March, 1926, number contained an article "About the Biancos," by Louise Seaman. Margery Williams Bianco is the author of "The Velveteen Rabbit," "The Little Wooden Doll," and "The Apple Tree."



From "Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales"
Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson (Doran)

really nice family, and the morocco ball should certainly not end in the gutter!"

For nearly all of these stories are sad, and some are more than just sad. Who, for instance, would take the responsibility of including today, in a child's volume, such tales as "Anne Lisbeth," "She Was Good for Nothing," or even "Ib and Christine" or "The Marsh King's Daughter"? It is true that in nearly all modern editions of Andersen there is considerable selection, but in the earlier editions that the children of my generation were brought up on there was no such attempt. At nine years old I remember reading "Anne Lisbeth" as eagerly as "The Little Fir Tree" or "Soup on a Sausage-Peg," and the actual impression that remained was only of a very real and enduring beauty.

In very few of Andersen's stories is there any deliberate effort to choose the bright side of things, or even to ensure a happy ending, unless it occurs naturally. With that he was not in the least concerned, and he was not always concerned with the story itself; many of his best tales are just pictorial impressions. What then is the secret of his appeal to children? I think it is that he was, most essentially, a poet, and that the poet's and the child's mind are a great deal closer than many of us suppose.

He wrote of the world about him and of the things in it, as colored by his own vision. He didn't choose those things; they were there, and he saw no reason to exclude or disguise them. In this world as he saw it there were drunken old washerwomen, mothers who abandoned their children, dark ruinous houses with neglected and unhappy old people living in them; there was ingratitude, poverty and death, hypocrisy and a great deal of foolish talk, which none than he knew better how to satirize. But there was also faith, charity and humour, love and happy respected old age; there were enchanted forests, trees that dreamed and birds and beasts who talked, and there was at times, if only for his eyes, a great and shining spiritual light that fell on all these things alike and made one as beautiful as another.

"You must not look at it from the sorrowful side," says the little boy. "To me it all appears remarkably pretty. . . ."

This is not priggishness; still less is it the conventional optimism which, by insisting so much on the "happy ending," also

postulates a possible unhappy ending. To Andersen all endings were happy; they were as they should be. Old people die, but would you have them go on living forever? Wicked Inge is punished for her pride, but her soul, after long suffering, turns into the little bird that "flew straight into the sun"; the little Match Girl starved, but she had the vision of eternal life, and the happiest moment of the little Fir Tree is when it bursts into deathless flame.

From "Fairy Tales and Stories," by Hans Christian Andersen
Illustrated by Eric Pape (Macmillan)

He had the child mind, which does not conceive of sadness as does the older mind. It is all relative. He was not sorry for this sort of thing at all. What he was really sorry for were the stupid people, the mean and the snobbish and the little-minded, who are blind to beauty though it walks beside them and who can never see life — or death — as the real adventure that it is; the huckster and the Emperor and the Portuguese duck. These he satirizes again and again, but his satire is always kindly; it could not be otherwise.

There has been no writer for children with such amazing range and variety as Andersen. "Tell me a story!" cries the little boy in the "Elder Tree Mother." And the stories begin to come out of the teapot. Each is different from the next; each is as spontaneous as though it were the only story he really wanted to write. He gave of his best unsparingly, and to choose among them were an almost hopeless task.

Everything in his world is animate, has personality and expression; the old street-lamp, the china ornaments, the toys, the poker and the darning-needle, no less than the daisy, the farmyard fowl and the family of snails. This is truly a child's world as a child might conceive it. Everything has its own philosophy, everything moves and acts in its proper way. The soul of the flower is as real as the soul of the poet. The old cupboard creaks; it has a voice and wants to tell us something. Listen, and you will hear the knives and forks chattering in the table drawer. No sooner are the family a-bed than the tulips and hyacinths jump out of their flowerpots and begin to dance. Everything has a story to tell. And before us, turning those

From "Fairy Tales and Stories," by Hans Christian Andersen Illustrated by Eric Pape (Macmillan)

magic pages, there arises surely the most wonderful tapestry that any single human mind has conceived.

I remember a print, seen in childhood, of a well-known poet surrounded by all the creations of his genius. Enormous, indeed, would be the canvas that could contain all the figures to which Hans Andersen gave being and life.

The story of "Waldemar Daa and His Daughters" produces very much the same atmosphere as "Wuthering Heights" or Balzac's "Quest of the Absolute"; against a majestic background of storm and ruin the characters move inexorably to their doom. It has the feeling of some old romantic landscape, blackened with age. Here in a few pages is the tragic story of a whole generation. In "The Marsh King's Daughter," with its rare fantasy and rarer spiritual beauty, is a great conception, but no greater in degree than "Anne Lisbeth," "The Angel" or "The Child in the Grave." Even the humblest things take somehow an element of greatness; he gave nobility to whatever he touched. And if there is one motif that stands out more than any other in his writing, that recurs again and again, it is that expressed most clearly in the words of the angel to the child:

"The good and the beautiful shall not be forgotten; it shall live on in legend and in song."

From "Vieilles Chansons"
Illustrated by Boutet de Monvel

THE FRENCH NURSERY PICTURE BOOK

By Jane Bowler Gilman

"Ah! vous dirai-je, maman,
Ce qui cause mon tourment!
Papa veut que je raisonne
Comme une grande personne,
Moi, je dis que les bonbons
Valent mieux que la raison."

BINK was a Victory baby. She came to us just after our days of service with Mangin's poilus; and her nurse, from shell-shocked Soissons, cradled her to the tune of "Madelon." Inevitably she learned to prattle French before English.

One Christmas some one sent her Mother Goose, and she demanded to be told the stories of the pictures. Try, mothers of little children, mothers who "speak French as fluently as English," try putting Jack and Jill, and Humpty Dumpty into French. You will do as I did — go forth in quest of baby French books, and you will find nothing. What, nothing? (With apologies to "Pinafore.") Well, almost nothing.

As the verse at the head of the page says, Father wants his little boy to think like a grown-up, and the little boy won't. Neither would my little girl. She preferred the bonbons of literary babyhood, and in French they are few and far between. I brought home the song books quaintly illustrated by Boutet de Monvel and the series where the airs are harmonized by Gabriel Pierné, a real treasure trove. I sang them. Her father played them. She acted them; and then from "Fais Dodo" and "Le Pont d'Avignon" to "Le Roi Dagobert" and "Cadet

From "La Poule à Poils," by A. Vimar

Rousselle" she learned to sing them. They are a part of her life now as truly as if she had been born under a poplar tree, or had fed cabbage leaves to the rabbits in the courtyard.

Then one day she asked me to read the story, not to sing it, and I returned from a shopping tour with Little Black Sambo and Peter Rabbit re-christened as "Le Petit Sambo" and "Pierre Lapin." Bink was content, but I missed the tang of the native French, and found "Six Petits Lapins" and Jules Le Maître's "L'Alphabet." Ah, Jules, you understood! for in the preface we are told how you read each story to your grandchildren, and if they were not pleased you said: "It is sarcastic and too short. Children hate sarcasm and love details." And you re-wrote it. But alas, alas! The book was published posthumously and we may hope for no more from you, and can only waft our thanks across the Styx.

After that, nothing. The fairy stories? They are written in archaic French. The Bibliotèque Rose? Well, try Madame de Ségur. Her little girls are still wearing pantalettes, moral pantalettes as well as starched linen ones, and her boys, despite budding mustaches, wear alpaca blouses, and roll hoops in the Tuileries Gardens! La Fontaine's Fables with Boutet de Monvel's illustrations! I bought them at sight.

"Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage,
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:"

and so on and so forth. "Le phénix des bois" and "ramage" and "flatteur" for a four-year old! But the pictures are perfect, and with their aid I tell the fables to my second four-year-old today.

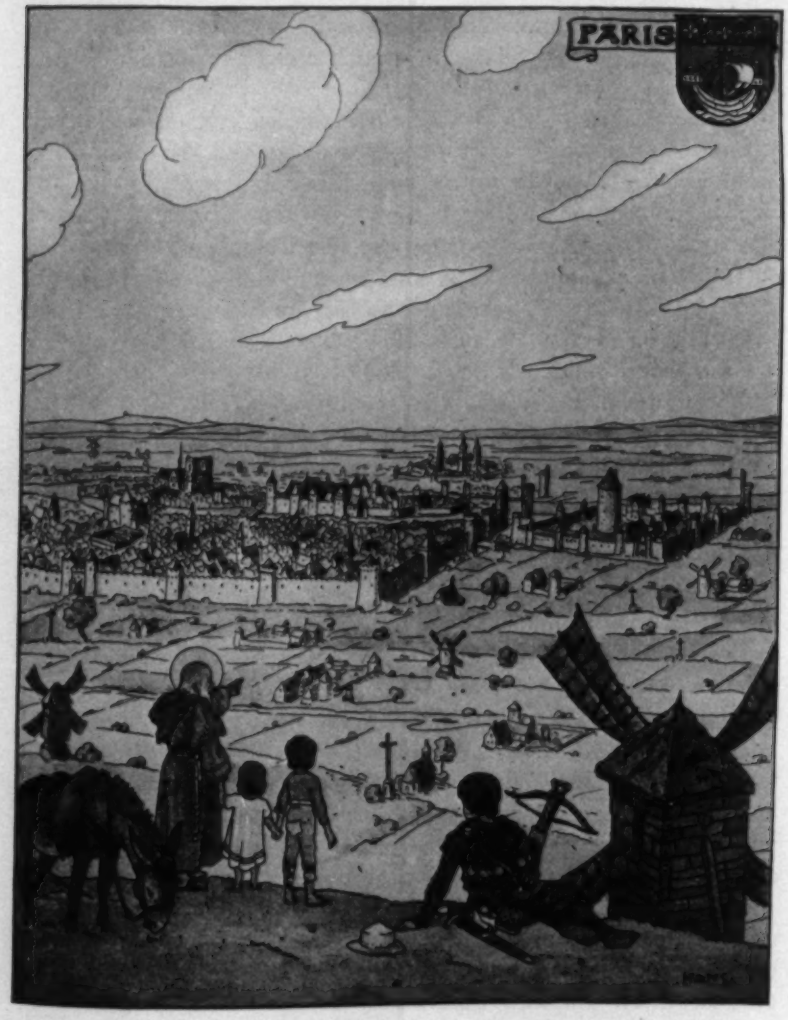
"Nos Enfants" and "Garçons et Filles," by Anatole France and Boutet de Monvel. Ah, France! Why, when you started out so gently and simply, why did you end by sticking your tongue in your cheek and laughing at the children? Irony again, my dear friend, and as Le Maitre said, children cannot abide it. But the illustrations! Just here I made my first discovery — the French *illustrators* understand childhood; the French *authors* do not. And hard on its heels came the second — the best children's books in French today are *written* by the illustrators.

Jordic, Rabier, Vimar — these are the leaders. Five days in Paris, but even the charms of dressmakers and the Exposition could not keep me from crossing the Seine and visiting the various publishers, and so I found Garnier Frères in a quiet side street of the Latin Quarter; the sole incumbent, a spectacled old gentleman behind a tiny counter, and not a book in sight! He had a Chinaman's reluctance to display his wares, but when I told him I had come because "La Pension des Oiseaux" was the most amusing children's book I had seen for years, he relented and brought out his hoard.

The counter was littered with Jordic's booklets — frogs, birds, pigs masquerading as humans. I laughed with delight, and then my friend introduced me to the Brazidecs, those engaging little Breton fisherfolk who catch cormorants, cook crêpes, and pursue porpoises and finally, surrounded by most of the barnyard, fall asleep in the wall beds of their tiny stone hut. Had he any one to suggest besides Jordic? Well, there was Rabier. Now I must confess I do not care for Rabier, and neither, I find, do my children. I cannot quite tell why. He is certainly amusing and deft, and gains his effect by the simplest of means, but . . .! Well, to me he is not quite sincere. The caricature is a little too broad. He just overshoots the mark. Finally Plum, a paradise for the three-year old; squirrels and rats; hens and ducks, all appearing on glazed linen in bold outlines and garish colors, and for once big enough to suit the nursery taste.

When I found Laurens I felt as if I were having a dream over again. It was the same street, save for a different name, the same counter, and behind it was my spectacled old gentleman's twin brother. But this time I met Vimar. Was he, I wonder, a pupil of Barye who did the animals in the Tuileries Gardens!

At all events, he is an animal artist pure and simple, with a particular fondness for the great wild beasts; lions and tigers, elephants and camels. With surprising ingenuity he has woven his tales about his talents, so we have "L'Arche de Noë," "Clown," with its whole circus menagerie, and that triumph of absurdity, "La Poule à Poils." "Read 'em and Roar."



From "Histoire du Bon St. Florentin," by L'Oncle Hansi (Floury)

And there is Hansi! Hansi, with all his little Alsatians in their garish costumes and tricolor cockades! Alas! The text is usually much too sophisticated, but this Christmas he has given us "Le Bon St. Florentin," a book so ideal that I hardly know how to choose suitable words of praise. Not since Pyle's Robin Hood has any book so truly mediæval in flavor been given to the children. St. Florentin is perfect; text and illustrations are completely attuned, and something of the simplicity and tenderness of St. Francis lurks in the little woodland creatures that caper around the borders. Surely if such a picture book as this can come to us, France is awakening to the needs of her children, and more literary bonbons must be in store for the French nursery.

Vieilles Chansons et Rondes pour les Petits Enfants.
Chansons de France pour les Petits Enfants.
Illustrated by Boutet de Monvel. (Plon-Nourrit et Cie.)
The old folk songs beautifully harmonized with ideal illustrations.

Voyez comme On Dance.
Sonnez les Matines.
Gai-Gai, Marions-nous.
Harmonized by Gabriel Pierné. Illustrated by George Delaw.
The old favorites, and some less familiar, in an attractive and inexpensive form.

Histoire du Petit Nègre Sambo.
By Helen Bannerman. (Stokes.)

Pierre Lapin.
Jeannot Lapin.
Sophie Canetang.
Poupette à l'Epingle.
By Beatrix Potter. (Frederick Warne.)
Delightful translations, but of course not French in feeling.

Histoire de Six Petits Lapins.
By H. Delalain. Text by Pierre Vinot.
Really childlike. Be sure to get the edition with the text; some have only the captions.

A. B. C.
By Jules Le Maitre. Illustrations by Job.

Tours. (Maison. Alfred Mame.)
An ideal book for children of four or older.

La Fontaine. Fables Choisies pour les Enfants.
Illustrated by Boutet de Monvel.

The illustrations are serial in form and are almost perfect in their story-telling qualities, but the French is archaic and stilted.

From "Histoire du Bon St. Florentin," by L'Oncle Hansi

Nos Enfants.
Garçons et Filles.
Anatole France. Illustrated by Boutet de Monvel. (Hachette.)

About half of the text is charming, but now and again France falls into the French fault of writing, not for children, but about them for grown-ups. The illustrations are always delightful.

La Pension des Oiseaux.
Tin Tin Gorin.
Bre-ke-kes.
Perrine, la Petite Laitière.
Cours Select.
Marie aux Sabots de Bois.
Lilette, l'Eveillé à Craboville.
Les Petits Brazidecs à Paris.
By Jordic. (Garnier Frères.)

Inimitable illustrations and a text that is not too complicated for children of six or older.

Le Bon Cœur d'Acajou.
Les Frayeurs d'une Maman Poule.
By Plum.
Charming picture books for little children with short simple text.

Alphabet.
By Benjamin Rabier. (Garnier Frères.)
Characteristic illustrations with the merest skeleton of a story.

L'Arche de Noë.
By A. Vimar. (Librarie Plon.)

Clown.
La Poule à Poils.
By A. Vimar. (H. Laurens.)
Delightfully amusing tales with only a few big words and with the merriest of illustrations.

L'Histoire d'Alsace.
L'Alsace Heureuse.
By L'Oncle Hansi. (H. Floury.)
Gay illustrations, but too much propaganda, and too complicated a text for young children.

Histoire du bon St. Florentin.
By L'Oncle Hansi. (H. Floury.)
With a cover like an old missal to lure one to peep within, and a wealth of medieval flavor in text and illustrations. Ideal for the eight-year-old.

From "Les Petits Brazidecs à Paris," by Jordic

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

IN this section of The Horn Book the Editors mean to present informal and random contacts with writers or readers. We extend to all our friends the most cordial invitation to any Hunt Breakfast, the only requirement being something entertaining to say.

HELEN COALE CREW

Helen Coale Crew is the author of "Saturday's Children," special mention of which you will find on page 23. She writes:

Two things went into the making of "Saturday's Children," and one was Sunday's children, by which I mean those many happy children of America who have comfortable homes, good clothes, butter on their bread, ice cream on occasions, cakes on their birthdays, heaps of gifts on Christmas, and — this most of all — no responsibility whatever in the acquiring of these good things. In war days, indeed, it was the Saturday's children we were all thinking of — those children across the Atlantic who must always help earn the family living, either directly or indirectly, and who lived through those four dark years when children forgot how to laugh, and birds were discouraged from singing because of the singing of bullets, and hearths were cold and food scarce, and play became a lost art. I had a feeling — one of those strong and lively feelings that we call a "hunch" — that American children would like to hear about what some of those European children were doing and feeling and thinking now that the Armistice has given them a chance to creep out

from ruined homes and dark cellars and shell-holes and be themselves once more.

The second thing that went to the making of the book was the remembrance of a small girl of ten or twelve who had an adorable home and a happy (and sometimes foolish) mania for books. She lived among Maryland's gentler hills just outside of Baltimore. All over the twenty acres of the old homestead she ran about with her five brothers, all of them with nothing to do but be happy, and always busy doing everything. There was an old ice-house back of the kitchen, and the sharp ridge of its roof was the gathering place of the six. The eaves of the roof came down on each side to within a foot of the ground, and by starting on a run from the kitchen door you acquired a momentum that took you up that mossy, slippery roof to the top, or even, if you weren't careful, over the top and headlong down the other side. Books were read up there on the ridge, five sitting spellbound while one stood upright (rather precariously) and read aloud.

There was a time when "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was the book in hand. The reader had reached the page where Captain Nemo, as the picture showed, stood upon one foot on the South Pole, raised the other, spread both arms, and said to the setting sun, "Disappear, thou radiant orb!" And at this thrilling moment the reader, unconsciously imitating the lordly attitude of the picture, disappeared suddenly from sight, book and all. Another reader had a similar mishap when, geometry in hand, he mapped out his theorem to be demonstrated upon the blue spaces of the sky, and went down like a frog into a pool — kerplunk!! — still reading as he went — "Let angle ABC equal angle DEF, and let sides AB and CD be in the ratio of three to five. . . ." Here he reached Mother Earth with a thud.

In all these happy doings, tragic or otherwise, the small girl sat gripping the roof with both hands, listening with ears and eyes, and thinking. How wonderful it would be if books, like party dresses or birthday cakes, were made to order! How she would send in orders! How she would have heroes and heroines made to suit herself! And happy endings! She would need only to say, "Open, sesame!" and presto, a book exactly to her liking, pictures 'n' everything! Maybe another book about Alice and a new Wonderland; maybe another volume to the Odyssey.

And she would read it aloud, standing proudly and stiffly erect (it was safer to stand stiffly) on that perilous roof-ridge before an attentive audience. A book that she would put under her pillow at night. A book to slide into her school-bag along with her geography and her jumping-rope and her button-string that had a brass button off Uncle Robert's army coat for an end-button. . . .

Well, if you must know, she was myself as I was a good round half-century ago. But how could I be sure and certain that she would "order" a book like "Saturday's Children"? I couldn't! So I meekly inscribed it to my own children, whom I have known so much more recently. But you may be perfectly sure that while I was writing it, rubbing out too-long rows of adjectives here and there, or dragging in between the lines sentences that were lazy after-thoughts — you may be *double-sure* that I kept my mind's eye firmly fixed on HER!

A NEW METHOD OF EARNING BOOKS

A Friendly Letter from an Anonymous Mother

Little Elizabeth was three years old when "The Bookshop" was born, but notwithstanding the difference in age, a close friendship quickly sprung up between them — a friendship which has deepened with each added year.

Elizabeth is now thirteen and she has been adding inches to her stature so much more rapidly than pounds, that a doctor's advice finally became necessary. He proved to be a wise and understanding doctor, and after laying out a program which he knew to be difficult for a lively young person to follow, he suggested that we give her a prize of a dollar for each pound gained. I assented. Elizabeth's face lighted up and quick as a flash she added, "Oh, I should so much rather have a new volume of Dickens for each two pounds and a half!" So it was agreed.

That was two months ago, and she already has four new volumes of Dickens on her shelf.

FROM L. LESLIE BROOKE

This extract from a letter to a friend of ours is from L. Leslie Brooke. Mr. Brooke as everybody knows is the illustrator of some of our most loved picture books, and the originator of the

delightfully absurd "Johnny Crow," famous gardener and philanthropist. He writes:—

"I like that *Horn Book* greatly. I have been specially pleased by the praise of F. D. Bedford, whom though we never meet now-a-days, I have known for a great many years — since the days when he was studying in the Royal Academy School as an architect. On the other hand, I felt sorry that no artist's name was given with the reproduction of a painting by another old friend — George W. Joy, whose Wellington as a boy appears on page 29 of the November number. (When he was in full career, he developed cataract, and for many years before he died — a year ago at 80 — grew gradually more and more blind.)"

This is the picture referred to. It is taken from Dorothy Stuart's "The Boy Through the Ages," published by George H. Doran Company. Upon referring to the book we find that credit

is given the artist there. We are very glad to have had our omission called to our attention and thank Mr. Brooke, but especially we thank him for the first sentence of the above quotation. Sometime ago we received this note from Mr. Brooke, which is too good to keep to ourselves.

THE SECRETARY,
WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION, BOSTON.

Dear Madam:

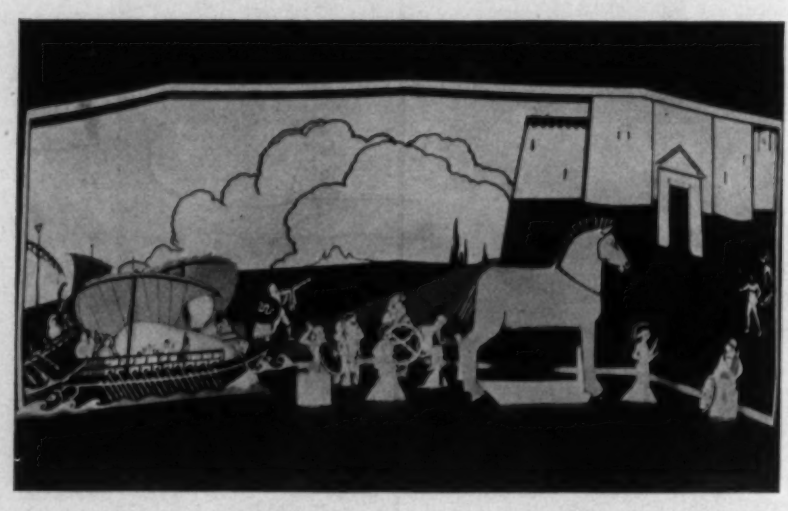
I have great need to be Industriously Educated. I want more *Horn Books,* but I don't know how much a Dollar is in English at the moment. The paper today says $4.83⅝ = £1. But who am I — and who is the Good Lady at the village post office — that we should presume upon our combined mathematics to dictate the exact amount that would satisfy your Treasurer?

So I have just to make a shot and hope for the best.

The best, of course, being the *Horn Book.*

Yours sincerely,

L. LESLIE BROOKE.



"A Playbook of Troy," cut out and set up. *See page 56.*

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

"Gabriel and the Hour Book." Scene: Lady Anne's Castle. Lady Anne is receiving the royal gifts from Count Henry, who has been sent by the King. (Lincoln School of Teachers College, New York City)

A Fifth Grade Using the Lincoln School Library

CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES AND THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

By Anne Eaton, *Librarian, Lincoln School of Teachers College, New York City*

A THIRD grade boy once said to his teacher, "You have taught me the most wonderful thing in the world — reading books." He did not mean the ability to interpret words on a printed page — some of that skill, at least, he had before he came to her — but he meant that through her help he had discovered that books were something for *him*, that between book covers, as his skill to read and power to choose grew, he could find that which spoke especially to his individual tastes and interests. And "you will perceive at once that what I mean here by 'reading' is the capacity for silent reading, taking a book apart and mastering it; and you will bear in mind . . . that great literature never condescends, that what yonder boy in a corner reads of a king is happening to him."*

The most important factors in developing a taste for reading in children are good books and association with people who love them, — the right teacher and half a dozen volumes of real literature suitable for boys and girls will go far toward making children love to read, — but we have increasing testimony as the years go on that given the sympathetic and intelligent co-operation of the teachers, the Library in the school used as a center where boys and girls can find books and other people who love books and an atmosphere that encourages them to lose themselves in a world of imagination, of history, of adventure and exploration, is a very real aid in making book users and book lovers.

While this side of the school library is the most difficult to describe, it is the most attractive and inspiring and for that reason we are apt to hear about it, rather than about the more utilitarian ways in which the school library helps the classroom. These more utilitarian ways, however, should have their due emphasis. The school library can aid the classroom activities of every grade in the Elementary School, not excepting the first grade. In the first grade, of course, library activities will take chiefly the form of making the children feel at home in the

* Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch: Children's Reading in "On the Art of Reading". Putnam, 1920, p. 54.

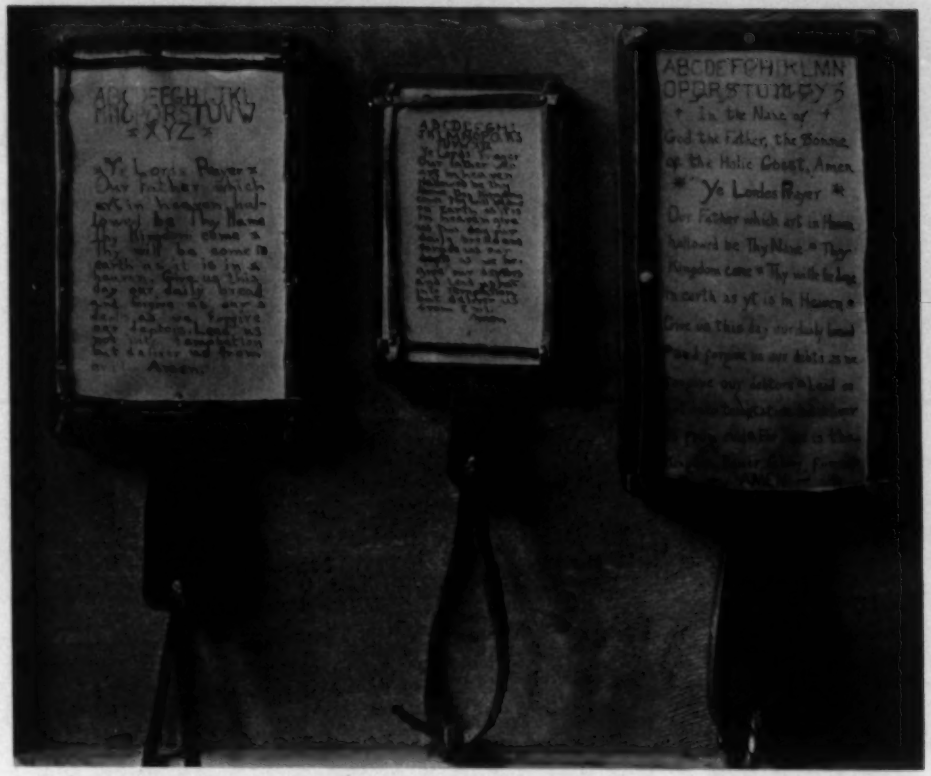
Fine arts work on the unit "How Man Recorded His Activities." Suggestions for these designs and the information for the descriptions were found in Library books and the Library picture collection

Library by a story hour, by a class visit to look at special picture displays of interest to them, and by picture books loaned to the classroom.

Second grade children, as soon as their reading ability warrants it, may well become individual borrowers, choosing their books under close and careful guidance of librarian and teacher. This gives them a feeling of pleasure and personal interest in the Library. When they add to the borrowing of books for home reading the experience of coming to the Library to find the answer to such a question as, "What does a reaping machine look like?"; or, "What kind of houses do Eskimos build?", they gain an early realization that the Library can help them by supplying necessary information.

In the third grade more definite activities involving the use of the Library may be planned. If the whole group is studying insects, for instance, or starting an aquarium, individual topics may be looked up in the Library. Notified beforehand of the subjects on which information is desired, the librarian can collect the simplest material available and, when the class comes to the Library, teacher and librarian can give the necessary guidance in reading and note-taking. The following list of topics was sent to the Library by a third grade, in the form of letters from individual children to the librarian. "A book that would tell about making a siphon"; "how many times a week animals in an aquarium should be fed"; "how land turtles live and what they like to do best"; "about back swimmers"; "something about caddisfly cases"; "how dragonfly nymphs turn into dragonflies." Another third grade asked for the following: "a book about the Victoria Falls in Africa"; "a book telling what people make with the skins of animals"; "a book of animals, especially lions"; "a jungle book about animals"; "a book of lion adventures."

Of course the younger the group in question the more difficult it is to make hard and fast statements as to how the Library may be used. Some classroom activities naturally lend themselves to library coöperation more readily than others and, obviously, the opportunities increase from grade to grade. The teacher, however, who asks third grade John where he can find out what flags ships fly, when he tells her he wants to put his ship in full dress, and adds, "You go to the Library to find out


Ye Lords Prayer
Our Father which art in heaven
Ye Lords Prayer
Our Father which art in Heaven
In the Name of
God the Father, the Sonne
& the Holie Goost, Amen
Ye Lordes Prayer

Horn Books made by the Sixth Grade in their unit of work, "How Man Recorded His Activities"

things like that," is giving John, early in his school life, a feeling of power, by showing him that he has resources at his command in addition to those around him in his classroom.

In the fourth grade simple lessons in using library tools are a natural next step. During a study of salmon one fourth grade was first taught by the teacher how to use table of contents and index and thus find all the material in their geographies on this topic. The children then suggested what they thought might be additional sources of information and the librarian, happening to come into the room just at that time, found the following list on the board: "other geographies, Encyclopedia, World Book, Library books on science and fish." A Library lesson during their next library period was immediately proposed and during the next two library periods the librarian explained where the World Book and Compton's Encyclopedia stand on the shelves, how the groups of letters on the backs of the volumes help in choosing the volume needed, how the books are arranged on the shelves in the Library and how the card catalogue tells what books in the Library contain something about salmon. It was several weeks later that one boy in this grade called the attention of the librarian to something he was reading. On inquiring how he had happened to find the reference in a book whose title did not indicate that it contained anything about salmon, she discovered that, without asking help of any one, he had used the card catalogue, found the book on the shelf and the place in the book. Most fourth grade children will need more help and supervision than he did, but to all of them comes at least a partial independence and some initiative in using the Library.

This same fourth grade has a story hour every Friday when individual members of the class, who have given their names beforehand to the boy or girl who serves as chairman, read favorite stories or parts of favorite stories, or poems to the others. Nonsense verses became popular and, since nonsense anthologies are catholic in their inclusions, some of the selections were rather adult and sophisticated in tone. The teacher and librarian (the latter is present at these story hours whenever possible) arrived independently at the same conclusions as to what was needed. The result of their comparing notes was a list of really childlike nonsense verses posted in both classroom and library, and the books con-

taining these verses brought together on a special shelf in the Library in readiness for the grade's next visit. In addition certain suggestions were made by the teacher and by the children themselves as to what is necessary to make the reading of poetry and of verses containing unusual words enjoyable, and then there followed a story hour when boys and girls read verses by Lear, Lewis Carryl, Charles Carryl and Nancy Byrd Turner, to the genuine enjoyment not only of themselves but of the rest of the class, the teacher, and librarian.

Another fourth grade is learning in groups of twos and threes to find out if the Library has books on definite topics, for example, "Are there books on toys and toy making?" or, "Is there any information to be had about the first factory in this country?" (this was better answered by the encyclopedia than by using the catalogue to find books). In these cases, and this should be emphasized, the teacher acted as advance scout, looking up the questions herself before the children were sent, to see what material the Library actually had and if it were within the children's comprehension. To attempt to use the Library in this way without such intelligent planning on the part of the teacher leads to disaster.

Fifth grade children can not only find material in the Library on a given topic, but can learn also to make a simple record of where they have found it. Sixth grade children with the right kind of guidance learn to use the resources of a Library with an ease that may well put high school pupils and even college students in some institutions to shame. A sixth grade, in a unit of work called "How Man Recorded His Activities," has used the following books from the Library.

Arnold, *Stories of Ancient Peoples;* Baikie, *Ancient Assyria;* Baikie, *Ancient Egypt;* Baikie, *Egyptian Papyri and Papyrus Hunting;* Beard and Bagley, *Our Old World Background;* Botsford, *Ancient History for Beginners;* Bradley, *Illuminated Manuscripts;* Breasted, *Ancient Times;* Bridges, *Book of Invention;* British Museum, *Guide to the Egyptian Collection;* Budge, *Egypt;* Bulfinch, *Age of Fable;* Butler, *Story of Paper Making;* Carter, *Invention of Printing in China;* Chase and Clow, *Stories of Industry, Vol. I;* Clodd, *Story of the Alphabet;* Clodd, *Story of Primitive Man;* Cockerell, *Bookbinding;* Doubleday, Page and Company, *The Country Life Press;* Fay and Eaton, *Use of Books and Libraries;* Forman, *Stories of Useful Inventions;* Goodspeed, *History of the Ancient World;* Gress, *American Handbook of Printing;* Haaren, *Famous Men*

of the Middle Ages; Hardin, *Story of the Middle Ages;* Hillyer, *Child's History of the World;* Hodgdon, *The Enchanted Past;* Holland, *Historic Inventions;* Ivins, *A Guide to an Exhibition of the Arts of the Book, Metropolitan Museum of Art;* Kipling, *Just So Stories* (for, How the First Letter Was Written and How the Alphabet Was Made); Madan, *Books in Manuscript;* Maddox, *Paper;* Marshall, *English Literature for Boys and Girls;* Mitchell, *About Old Story Tellers;* Morison and Holbrook, *Brief Survey of Printing;* Mowry, *American Inventions and Inventors;* Orcutt, *Author's Desk Book;* Ragozin, *History of the World; Early Egypt;* Rawlings, *Story of Books;* Rocheleau, *Great American Manufactures;* Smith, *History of Mathematics, Vol. I;* Smith, *Number Stories of Long Ago;* Stein, *Gabriel and the Hour Book; Stories of the Middle Ages Retold from St. Nicholas;* Stuart, *The Boy Through the Ages;* Tappan, *Makers of Many Things;* Towle, *Heroes and Martyrs of Invention;* Van Loon, *Ancient Man;* Van Loon, *History of Mankind;* Watt, *Art of Paper Making;* Wells, *How the Present Came from the Past;* Wells, H. G., *Outline of History, Vol. I;* West, *The Ancient World;* Wilson, *Living Pageant of the Nile;* Winship, *Gutenberg to Plantin;* Winslow, *Elementary Industrial Arts.*

These books are kept in the Library on what are known as the sixth grade reference shelves; they are used in the Library, or, in the classroom adjoining the Library when group work is necessary, or when more convenient, they are sent to the classroom itself. The record each child makes of information he has found

"Gabriel and the Hour Book." Stage properties and costumes used in the dramatization

results in a composite bibliography under such headings as: Picture Writing; Hieroglyphics; Cuneiform Writing; Clay Tablets; Printing; Manuscripts; Alphabet; Papyrus, etc. The following is a sample entry:

Clodd, Edward. The Story of the Alphabet.
How the alphabet originated. Pages 189-200.

This grade has searched for and found illustrations in books, pictures in the Library picture collection, descriptions in special reference books and encyclopedias, to help them in planning dramatizations of Egyptian myths and legends, and of "Gabriel and the Hour Book" (Stein), which grew out of their study of early records and of illuminated books and manuscripts. They visit, as a class, the children's room of the Public Library, to see if they can find there information which supplements what they have already found in their own Library. Each child comes back able to show a record of the book he examined, its author, title, publisher and date, and whether or not it seemed to him to contain material helpful for his purpose. Children have several times made intelligent suggestions as to books they think would be useful additions to the school library.

In short, given a real library, which implies not only books and a room but someone who has time and interest to make these books and this room function as a live part of the school, there is hardly a form of school and classroom activity which the school library cannot share and help.

TWO NEW BOOKS

Everyday Life in Anglo-Saxon, Viking, and Norman Times, written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. *Putnam* $2.50

Teachers already know the great value of the Quennell books. This volume completes the "Everyday Life" series, which begins with the Old Stone Age and goes through the New Stone, Bronze, and Early Iron Ages and Roman Britain to this period.

A Playbook of Troy, by Susan Meriwether. *Harper* $2.00

A new kind of play book with the characters of the Fall of Troy to be cut out and mounted. There are the Greek and Trojan warriors, the Greek galley, the Wooden Horse, and the chariots. The illustrations are by Esther Peck. A photograph will be found on page 46.

"WHY DO THEY LIKE IT?"

BOY and girl authors are not uncommon these days but "Why Do They Like It?" written by an English boy of fifteen and a half, is very different from David Putnam's two books of adventure, from Kenneth Rawson's "Boy's Eye View of the Arctic" and from Deric Nusbaum's "Deric of Mesa Verde." Like them, it is a true account of the author's own experiences, but at school, not on joyful adventures, and boys and girls will not enjoy it because it is full of unhappiness.

In "Why Do They Like It?" E. L. Black has told the story of James Freeman's two years at a Public School. He was a quiet boy, fond of books, a good swimmer and rider, but with an intense dislike for games. Dorothy Richardson, in her Foreword, says he was undoubtedly a boy who never should have been sent to Public School.

"Why would not some one at Nelson take an interest in the theatre, instead of these damnable games, all the time? Why should James Freeman be despised for taking an interest in the theatre? No one would acknowledge the theatre, or anything outside games and public schools, to have anything good in them, except Davies, and as he was three years senior to James, they would hardly see each other. And this fagging business was worse than anything James had ever thought of. Smythe Jones and Hollman's elder cousin, both, thank God, leaving at the end of this term, would yell and yell and yell for fags, for some beastly little thing that they could easily do for themselves, time after time, every minute, and none of the Juniors of the house ever had any peace."

The book is well but very simply and naïvely written, with no effort for literary effects. It reads like a book which an unhappy boy wrote when the experience was over so that he might get it once and for all out of his system. Undoubtedly it presents difficulties and disappointments that other school boys encounter and are not able to analyze and set forth in this same way. In any case it supplies food for thought for teachers, parents, and psychologists.

B. E. M.